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NOTICE.

Our Subscribers are presented this week with **FOUR ADDITIONAL PAGES**, and a **ROMANCE**, composed expressly for this Journal, by **E. F. FITZWILLIAM**.

MATILDA OF HUNGARY.

EIGHTEEN months ago the name of William Vincent Wallace was unknown to England. After many years wandering in strange and remote regions, he returned to his native country, about two years ago. For some months after his return he remained in comparative obscurity, being only recognised by a small knot of amateurs and artists, as a clever pianist and an elegant composer for the pianoforte. Chance, however, threw in his way the *libretto* of an opera, founded on the French melo-drama, *Don Cesar de Bazan*. He composed the music, which by a good piece of luck he had the opportunity of playing to Mr. Beale. That active and intelligent representative of the great firm of Cramer and Co., with his usual quick appreciation, immediately found out the stuff that was in Wallace, and purchased the score of his MS. opera without a moment's hesitation. Shortly after it was laid before Mr. Bunn. Mr. Bunn was not a likely manager to allow so good a thing to slip through his hands, and the new work was accepted.

In November, 1845, (if we be wrong we shall be obliged to any reader who will correct us) *Maritana* was produced, and the next day, or rather, the next day but one, (the epoch of representation being a Saturday) Wallace's name was spread far and wide. The success of *Maritana* was immense, and had it been produced in that style of splendour and completeness for which Old Drury was celebrated under Mr. Bunn's lesseeship, it would assuredly have made the fortune of the establishment. Brought out as it was, however, (somewhat shabbily, we must own) and allied to a book filled with the most monstrous absurdities, it ran upwards of fifty nights, and drew many a hundred to the treasury. In a short space the melodies became so popular that you could not go up a street without hearing them on an *orgue de Barbarie*, or round a square without hearing them on a trombone, or down a court without hearing them on a hurdy-gurdy, or into a theatre without hearing them *intercalles* in the overture to the pantomime, or into a drawing-room without hearing them fall from the lips of some silken syren, as water from the rock which Moses smote of old. Thus did Wallace share the honors of Weber, Rossini, Auber, Bellini, Donizetti, Balfe, *et hoc genus omne*, whose tunes are the solace of the multitude that whistles them "for want of thought" (Dryden).

It was no easy task to sustain a popularity so brilliant and so rapidly acquired. The announcement of a new opera from Wallace's pen was the signal for a world of fire-side conjectures. Saith one, "I am sure it wont be so good as

Maritana." Saith another, "It will perhaps be more German, but there won't be so much melody." Saith a third, "There were so many beautiful airs in *Maritana* that he must have written himself out." Saith the last, "Rather is he as a spider that spinneth, and again spinneth, when the hand of the passer-by hath destroyed his web." The last was right—for of Wallace, in respect of melody, it cannot be said, as was not said, but might have been said, of Aquinas's *Corpus* (instead of the book of Livius; of which it was unjustly said) by a wag in an epigram:—

"Quem mea vix totum bibliotheca capit."

The tune does not fill the whole of Wallace's score, as the volume the library of the epigrammatist, leaving room for nothing else. On the contrary, abundantly as it is manifested, there is, to back it, a garniture of musicianship, exemplified in the tastefulness of its harmonies, the construction of the concerted pieces, and the disposition and variety of the orchestral effects. Wallace produces tunes with ease; but he not the less knows how to treat them. We stood, therefore, in no fear of his having tendered us his whole wealth in one handful, and *Matilda of Hungary* has justified the faith that was in us. And now that we have finished our proem let us to the argument.

Mr. Bunn has dived for his new poem into the depths of Bohemian history, and has brought up in his mouth George Podiebrad. George Podiebrad is very like Ladislaus I. in the face, figure, voice, manner, and so forth. But Ladislaus I. has been lost in a battle against the Paynims; and so as he has been lost nobody has been able to find him. The likeness is therefore no inconvenience either to the king or the serf—for George Podiebrad is a serf. But it is, on the other hand, exceedingly convenient to one Magnus, styled Count Magnus, prime-minister of the kingdom, and keeper of the conscience and the diadem of Matilda of Hungary (why of Hungary we are not sufficiently learned in history to say), widow of the lost King Ladislaus, who has never been found. It is convenient in thus much:—that he (Magnus) covets the vacant place on the throne of Bohemia, by the side of the surviving Queen, without whose good will he cannot have his desire; whereupon he pretends love to her person, so to cover his ambition, and makes an offer of his hand, so to encompass his designs upon the throne; but the Queen will none of him, and repulses him with contumely; whereupon he (Magnus) is much abashed; but, as luck will have it, he has bestowed upon Mathias, an innkeeper on the point of committing suicide, one hundred pieces of gold, whereby he buys him up body and soul, to do his bidding at any time or place, no matter what it may involve. Now it happens that George Podiebrad is on terms of intimacy with Mathias, the innkeeper who got a hundred pieces of gold to

spare his own life. And as chance wills it, Magnus, smarting under the Queen's disdain, encounters the said Podiebrad at the hostelry of the said Mathias. (We should have hinted, four paragraphs higher up, that the ambitious Magnus has been sometime fomenting the discontent of certain haughty nobles, and has placed himself at their head. Their profession is to liberate Bohemia, and their intent to aggrandize themselves by seizing on the throne.) At the first glance, Magnus takes Podiebrad for Ladislaus, but upon parley finds out his error. "To make short tale," the Count persuades the serf to take advantage of his resemblance to the lost king, by proceeding to Prague, and claiming the throne and the Queen. "Being in his secret," argues Magnus, "this new king will be but in name a king; I shall have all the real power, which he will not dare dispute with me, lest I expose his imposture." But Magnus reckons without his host. George Podiebrad is not merely a valiant horseman, but an upright gentleman—characteristics not essentially synonymous. He has, erewhile, met the Queen "a hawking," and as fortune turns out, has saved her from being swallowed up by a precipice, at the edge of which an unbridled horse was galloping without the slightest concern for his fair and royal burden. Not knowing her then, he becomes straightway enamoured of her person, and cherishes a token she presents him with, in the shape of a ring, carefully in his bosom—beneath his under-waistcoat—if the term holds. In the midst of his parley with Count Magnus the Queen makes her appearance in the back ground, and Podiebrad becomes conscious of the identity of his unknown passion. This determines him to assent to the Count's proposal. He thinks to save the Queen by seeming to act in concert with her Minister. And so they draw their swords and set out for Prague. Thus far in the bowels of the plot, our readers will plainly perceive whereon the interest hangs, and the parts to be played by the various characters. It is not requisite to proceed further, inch by inch, but enough to explain the *denouement* in a few words. Suffice it that Magnus, the minister, fails in his ambitious designs—that the Queen, who at first is incensed with Podiebrad, eventually respects his motives and returns his love—that the conspirating nobles are foiled in their disloyalty—that Count Magnus is taken to the scaffold, and George Podiebrad to the Queen's arms—and thence to the throne of Bohemia.

The plot is interesting enough, albeit manifestly improbable; but two acts would have suited it better than three, and as much music and as much pageantry might have been put into it. However, Mr. Wallace, the composer, has arisen from his task with honour and increased reputation; he has written a score which exhibits the tuneful exuberance of his *Mari-tana*, combined with other and more durable qualities. Let us glance at the pieces in the order of their arrangement—pre-mising that we shall reconsider them more elaborately on another occasion, when the opera shall have become familiar to us. The overture is composed after the models accorded us by living masters. The introduction is rather long, but it is dramatic and interesting. It consists of a short *agitato*, in C minor, followed by a long movement in E flat, borrowed from the finale to the first act. The *allegro* is happy in its subject, counter-subject, and the *refrain* to the latter. An episodic passage, too elaborately developed, is the only fault we can adduce. The *coda* consists of the *agitato* from the introduction, resumed in the major key—very brilliant and effective, but very difficult for the violins to play distinctly. The overture was by no means well played.

The opening chorus, "May heaven protect the Queen," is devotional in style, and beautifully written for the voices. It

was well sung, Mr. Tully's care being evident in the training of the supernumeraries.

A song with chorus, "The prophet his standard was rearing," in which Mathias (Mr. Weiss) describes the supposed loss of Ladislaus I., and the faith of the populace in his return, has a great deal of character. It opens in the minor key and the chorus responds in the major. There are two couplets; the first is accompanied simply, the second is set off by an effective passage for tenors and violoncellos, while the violins play the melody with the voice. This song was capitally given by Mr. Weiss and the chorus, and was encored.

The next piece consists of a recitative and ballad, "It was a form so finely wrought," for Podiebrad (Mr. Harrison), descriptive of the manner in which he saved the Queen's life, (see plot). In the recitative, which is somewhat heavy, the harp, horn, and flute are effectively employed. The ballad has an accompaniment in the *bolero* style, with some pretty passages for flute and clarinet. The tune is not strikingly new, but Mr. Harrison, who (saving a misplaced *cadenza*) sang it exceedingly well, received an encore in spite of some opposition.

A long duet-recitative, leads to an air in three fragments, "She comes in all her loveliness," for Count Magnus. (Mr. Borroni), which pleases us less than any other piece in the opera. The air is preceded by a clarinet solo for symphony. The general effect is monotonous, and Mr. Borroni's singing did little to help it out. This gentleman's voice is exceedingly powerful but of a very disagreeable quality; his style, when not rapid, is common-place, and he has a painful tendency to sharp intonation. We should recommend the omission of this song, which in no way assists the dramatic action, and is uninteresting in a musical point of view.

A duet for the Queen and Count Magnus, "What shall my bright and spotless crown?" consisting of a smooth *andante* and a *cabaletta* in the Italian manner, has some charming points. In the *andante* we remarked a beautiful cantabile phrase which reminded us of a duet in Spohr's *Jessonda*, and the *cabaletta*, which is sparkling and pretty, has some nice points for the wood instruments, and a spirited climax. Miss Romer and Mr. Borroni sang it with considerable energy, but the lady being occasionally flat while the gentleman was frequently sharp, some singular combinations resulted.

The next is a choral piece, combined with solos, for the Queen. The chorus is in a solemn strain; and the first solo for the Queen is expressive and passionate. The increasing tendency of Mr. Wallace's style towards the gravity and serious development of the German school is here strongly exemplified. Sceptics may deride, with the witty lessee of Drury Lane; scoffers may cry out, "A second edition of the hundredth psalm!" but the gradual progress of our musicians towards Teutonic weight and earnestness is sure though silent.

A short chorus, "Our love thy griefs shall lead," to a wild melody, which, we are told, is Hungarian, is very ingeniously woven with some brilliant solo passages for the Queen, which Miss Romer executed with great precision and unerring intonation.

After this the subject of the march is played by the orchestra alone, and gives way to a duet, "What form is that?" for Podiebrad and Magnus, in the first movement of which the subject of the march is worked fragmentarily in the recitative, and serves especially well to show that the Drury Lane horn-player is not the *cornucopia*, for there is not a great deal in his horn. The last movement, an *ensemble* in 3-8 time, is agreeable and vocal, and the florid passages for the basses pleasantly colour the orchestration. The climax is spirited

and good. We remarked, in the course of this duet, some points that reminded us both of Mozart and Spohr, which we only signalize with the intention of complimenting Mr. Wallace on his acquaintance with the styles and works of those great masters.

Podiebrad's ballad, "Adieu fair land," is a charming bagatelle. The subject of the symphony has already appeared in the overture, and is employed frequently in the course of the opera, at moments when the hero is overcome by the recollection of his mountain life, ere circumstance had placed him in a position to which his lowly birth did not entitle him. The harp is here both effectively and poetically employed, and its simple arpeggio accompaniment is quite in character with the tranquil beauty of the melody. Encores are ordinarily a great bore, but we joined heartily in this, in the teeth of a strong opposition which Mr. Harrison's very unaffected singing by no means warranted.

The strength of the first act, however, lies in its finale, a highly picturesque and varied effort. It consists entirely of choruses and recitatives. Almost the whole of the introduction to the overture is included in the first part. The situation resembles that of the second finale to *Guillaume Tell*, but Mr. Wallace has wisely relied upon himself and has drawn nothing from the splendid inspiration of Rossini. The finale is full of character throughout, and the scene in the forest is admirably depicted in the music. The chorus of soldiers, "Tis he! 'tis he!" is very striking; the effect of the unison passage is powerful and inspiring. In short the stamp of musicianship and inventive power is evident throughout. Apart from one or two inaccuracies the choral and orchestral forces exerted themselves with great efficiency, and, at the fall of the curtain, Mr. Wallace was greeted with loud cheers, which he acknowledged by bowing from his place in the orchestra.

Act the second opens promisingly, with a short *entr'acte* of a martial character, which has something of the freshness and energy of Mozart. A violin solo, with a pretty accompaniment for the clarinet, served excellently to show off the capabilities of Mr. Hughes, the leader, and Mr. Maycock, the *primo clarinetto*. It was received with much applause. An air for the Queen, "At length in absence mourned in vain," with Mr. Hughes's violin *obligato* further developed, is a brilliant composition, in which Miss Romer displayed a greater facility in the execution of florid passages than we recollect her to have exerted on any previous occasion. The opening is a slow *andante*, not very salient, but the *cabaletta*, in the Italian style, is extremely sparkling and brilliant. Loud calls for a repetition from a large portion of the audience were judiciously arrested by a more powerful party, with well-meant cries of "shame!" Both the music and the singing deserved the encore, but it was hard upon the fair vocalist to demand it.

The dialogue which follows this might advantageously be curtailed, as it interrupts the progress of the music. The concerted piece to which it leads is one of the most able pieces in the opera. The festive rejoicings of the populace, the machinations of the conspiring nobles, and the assumed exultation of Mathias, their blind instrument, have one and all to be represented, but the task has not been too much for Mr. Wallace's means. The chorus and dance, *à la Hongroise*, is very quaint, and has quite a national feeling about it; the drinking song of Mathias is full of jollity and humour; and the repetition of the chorus at the end, with full orchestral accompaniments, is an admirable climax. In the march which accompanies the procession in this gorgeous scene, the unvarying sameness of the instrumentation

induces strong monotony, and precludes the brilliancy which is demanded by the situation. Moreover, the clarinet is but a dull interpreter of the theme, which seems to sleep as it runs on. The chorus, "For ever lived the king," is bold; the round for male voices, "The moment comes," after the *coupe* of the canon in *Fidelio*, is exceedingly pretty, and well written; the barcarole of Podiebrad, "Like waves which o'er the ocean," with its pretty duet response, in which the Queen takes part, is animated and melodious, but out of place and character; the repetition of the chorus, "For ever live the king," winds up the whole with great spirit. Mr. Harrison sang the barcarole exceedingly well, and the chorus kept up the bustle of the scene with unusual energy.

Podiebrad's ballad, "Gone is that calmness," charms by its natural simplicity and grace; it is written without effort, entirely expresses the sentiment of the words, and when sung so quietly and well as by Mr. Harrison on Monday night, can never fail of winning an encore as unanimous and genuine as it was on that particular occasion. The dialogue here following caused great merriment, owing to the singular infelicity with which Mr. Borroni hyperbolized the amusing magniloquence of Count Magnus.

A pleasing chorus for female voices, "Thy fondest wish," with some nice wood-instrument effects, gives place to an air for the Queen, "They who would still be happy," which offers no characteristic but that of heaviness.

The duet between the Queen and Podiebrad, "This deep affront I did not need," which commences the second finale, is written in the approved manner of modern opera duets:—a bit for the *soprano*, a bit for the *tenor*, a fragmentary *remplissage*, and an *ensemble* for the two together. We were not greatly struck by any other feature in this duet than its unpretending and quiet character. A chorus of guards and courtiers, which is spirited enough, follows the above, and in its turn gives place to a *morceau d'ensemble* for the quintet, "There is in regal power a charm," very well voiced and scored with judicious reserve. The effect is admirable, and contrasts excellently with the full choral and orchestral responses which conclude the finale. This, on the whole, cannot be compared to the finale of the first act, but it offers too many proofs of good musicianship to be passed by lightly.

The third act opens auspiciously. Nothing can be more pleasing, in its way, than the recitative and ballad for Lillia, (Miss Isaacs). The recitative is plaintive and beautiful, the sympathetic tones of the violoncello adding intensity to the sentiment it expresses. It was charmingly and feelingly rendered by Miss Isaacs; as was the ballad, "A lowly youth," a pretty melody in the Tyrolian manner, which was encored rapturously. This is the first occasion Miss Isaacs has found to exhibit to anything like advantage her very modest, unassuming, and artist-like talent. She is now a favourite with the public, and future occasions will, doubtless, make her hold still firmer.

We were much pleased with the freshness and originality of the full chorus, "Oh, welcome," for the grandees of the court and the army. It is injured, nevertheless, in our opinion, by an abrupt and unmeaning progression near the close, which ineffectively retards the climax. We urge this, however, with deference. The chorus was well sung.

The romance of the Queen, "In that devotion," is one of the melodic gems of the opera. It is wholly unpretending, but not the less beautiful. Miss Romer sang it with the utmost feeling, and received one of the heartiest and most enthusiastic demands for repetition accorded to any performance during the opera.

There is nothing remarkable in a chorus of the people (subdued) which comes next; but the trio in F major, "To see my king," for Magnus, Podiebrad, and Mathias, is the most masterly effort in the opera. It is the best developed movement, and therefore best indicates the sustaining power which is the musician's rarest gift. The subject is bold and clearly defined, and the whole is written with that natural ease and perfect management of detail which stamps the workmanship of the accomplished artist. Notwithstanding that it was villanously mangled on Monday night by all who were concerned in its execution, it appealed to the appreciation of every real connoisseur, and the hearty though exclusive applause that it received was the best compliment paid to the composer during the whole evening.

A duet for the Queen and Podiebrad, "What do I hear," does not come within the same category. Albeit it contains some good points, and some charming melodic phrases, its form is incoherent, and it is full of ineffective stops and changes of movement. Moreover, the scoring is a strong exemplification of what is, in our opinion, one of the defects of Mr. Wallace's method of instrumentation. This we find exhibited in his general treatment of the wood-instruments, which he employs in such a manner as is by no means sanctioned by the examples of the great masters, whose imperishable works are models not to be lightly disregarded. Mr. Wallace is for ever setting them *obligato* passages to play in concert, and rarely employs them to sustain the harmony, whereby he too often fritters away the solidity of his score, and robs the stringed instruments of much of their brilliancy. The duet in question is a strong example of the ill-effects of this kind of instrumentation. It requires all the performers to be soloists, and even then it will not go well. It is evident that Mr. Wallace is himself a master of each of the wood-instruments respectively; but he fails to bear in mind that writing solos for them is one thing, and combining them in harmony is another.

The finale to the third act commences rather heavily, with an ineffective recitative for the queen, accompanied by *obligato* violin passages that are hardly in place. The fugued chorus of the counsellors, however, "For those who presume," is skilfully voiced and vigorously scored; in addition to which the subject is good, and would have borne still further development—but this would have been out of character with the dramatic situation. The recitative which follows this is ably written, and the final rondo for the Queen, "One gentle heart," is a fresh bit of melody that will haunt the ear a long time after it is once heard. The bravura passages are vocal and natural, and the choral responses at the end of each verse effective and vigorous. Miss Romer sang the rondo with great spirit, and was unanimously encored.

The curtain fell amidst the most deafening plaudits from the whole house, the principal vocalists, Mr. Wallace the composer, and Mr. Bunn the librettist, being in turns recalled to receive the redoubled gratulations of the audience.

We shall have another opportunity of reconsidering this opera; meanwhile it is enough to say that *Matilda of Hungary* is a great advance upon *Maritana*, the composer's first dramatic work.

To conclude, let us do justice to the manager and his very efficient officers, Messrs. Grieve, West, Blamire, Tully and Hughes, for those evidences of care, which the result of their exertions so happily presented. The scenery was magnificent. The "Valley of Thaber by moonlight," at the end of the first act, the "Bridge and principal place in the city of Prague," in the second, and the "Hall of Judgment" in the last, were each acknowledged

by a spontaneous burst of applause. The last might be improved, however, by an extra supply of lights, an extra supply of ermine surplices for such of the counsellors as are unprovided with this badge of office, and by the summary banishment of the dummies at the back of the stage, which are strangely out of sorts with their flesh and blood companions. The opera in other respects is completely and splendidly mounted, the groupings, processions, dresses, and incidental decorations, &c., &c., being in the best and costliest style. In short, Mr. Wallace's opera has received entire justice at the hands of the management, and in all respects deserves the uncontented approval it has encountered. This is the third original English opera produced by Mr. Bunn during the present season, wherein the most important point of his prospectus has been satisfactorily carried out. *Matilda of Hungary* must run fifty nights to repay the outlay expended on its production.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last, *La Favorita* and the ballet of *Coralia* have kept their place in the bills. On Thursday, they were represented in presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Court, and all the rank and fashion of the metropolis, Mr. Lumley having liberally accorded his theatre and its resources in aid of the Scotch and Irish charities. The pit and stalls were not so full as might have been anticipated. On Tuesday Signor Superchi, being indisposed, Signor Solari undertook the character of Alphonso XI. in *La Favorita*, and, considering the circumstances, acquitted himself creditably. To-night, Verdi's *Nino* will be given, in which Signor Coletti will make his first appearance here for several years. It was Coletti who was the innocent sufferer at the epoch of the Tamburini rows. Continental opinion has since placed him in the first rank of living baritones. *Nous verrons.*

The new tenor, Gardoni, has by this time established himself completely in the favor of Mr. Lumley's subscribers and the Opera habitués in general. The more he is heard the better he is esteemed, and he is likely to prove a dangerous rival even to the admirable and accomplished Mario. On each night the pretty romance of the first act, and the delicious cavatina of the third, are encored. We share the general anxiety to hear Gardoni in a new part—for example, in one of the operas of Rossini.

Signor Bouché continues to be favorably received, although he neither delights nor astonishes. He shares the defect inseparable from all French singers, exemplified in the peculiar accentuation of the Italian language; and moreover there is, at times, something nasal in his tones. He has, however, some superb notes, and his general artistic efficiency renders him highly serviceable in such elaborate concerted music as much of that in *La Favorita*, which the oftener we hear it, the more decided we are in placing it at the head of all Donizetti's works.

The unfortunate indisposition of Signor Superchi has arrested him suddenly in his career; but a second hearing permitted us to mark some slight defects which the enthusiasm attendant on the first night's performance had induced us to overlook. Signor Superchi is a steady, useful, sensible, and clever singer; but there is a certain dryness of style and muffled quality of tone that modifies considerably the effect of his other sterling qualities. However, we understand from those who are in a position to pronounce a verdict, that his happiest effort is in Verdi's *Ernani*. We shall, therefore, look forward to its early performance with anxiety, and shall

endeavour to swallow our antipathy to the music in the interest we shall feel for the singer.

Madame Sanchioli has some *beaux momens*, as the French say, in the Favorite, and a closer acquaintance with her performance strengthens rather than weakens the good opinion we expressed in our last number. What a pity she cannot entirely conquer the uncertainty of intonation which is her only remarkable defect, since she has softened down the exaggerations of style that formerly disfigured her impersonations.

Our admirable *maestro*, Balfe, is getting his forces, choral and instrumental, more completely under his control. It is really astonishing what he has effected under the extraordinary difficulties with which he was beset. Moreover, Balfe's conducting this year is quite a different thing from what it was wont to be. He is steadier, less nervous, more decided, and, best of all, clear and intelligible in his manner of beating. The orchestra wants mending in several particulars. Besides the defects we enumerated last week, we must protest against the clarinet, which, in the ballet-music of Signor Pugni, distinguishes itself by no means favourably. But leave Balfe alone, and he will manage it all. His chorus is improving nightly.

The ballet, apart from occasional lengthiness, is perfect, both as a scenic and choregraphic spectacle. Carolina Rosati is a most graceful and prepossessing creature, and her occasional resemblance to the divine Carolotta Grisi is not to be reproached in her as a fault, since to be like a thing that is beautiful is only second to being the thing beautiful itself.

As for little Marie Taglioni, we can scarcely apostrophise her in sufficiently eulogistic terms. To say that she is like anything else would be untrue, for she is like nothing but herself. She sets simile and metaphor at defiance. She is positively delicious. We disagree with all those who would fain make her change her *coiffure* for something more commonplace and European. To our minds nothing can better suit her original and charming physiognomy. Her exquisite *Pas de Rosierès*, in the second act of *Coralia*, is received nightly with acclamations. Marie Taglioni is, indeed, an unexpected treasure for her Majesty's Theatre. The rest of the ballet goes on much as usual. Caroline Baucourt has a pretty face, and a graceful talent, and Petit Stephan is as elegant as of yore. The so much-vaunted beauty, Mdlle Wauthier, (recently wedded to M. Casati, of Milan) has not yet appeared, being still prevented from exertion by severe indisposition. The last scene of *Coralia*, with its beautiful and novel effects of transparencies, keeps a large portion of the audience in the theatre till the fall of the curtain. Signor Pugni's music becomes more likeable as it becomes more familiar, and our respected friend, M. Nadaud, displays his usual zeal and talent as leader of the ballet. The houses have been excellent.

MADAME BISHOP IN THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN, FEB. 23rd.

THE Theatre Royal last Saturday evening presented a most brilliant *coup d'œil*, the boxes being filled with all the rank and fashion of Dublin, the performances being under the patronage of his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, the commanding officers of regiments, and the officers of the garrison. The house looked very splendid from the effect of the different uniforms of the gallant visitors. The *élite* of our metropolitan *beau monde* also attended, and by the costliness of their dresses added still further to the magnificent appearance of the theatre. Unless you have been in a garrison town, where some eight or ten regiments are quartered,

and where officers invariably go to the theatres in full dress, you can have no idea of the appearance the Theatre Royal presented on Saturday night. Every variety of uniform, belonging to cavalry or infantry; every grade of army costume, from the Field-Marshal's to the Ensign's, might be observed in the boxes. At the entrance of his Royal Highness and suite the audience rose and cheered tremendously, and the band played "God save the Queen," and "Patrick's Day." The opera, commanded by the Prince, was *The Maid of Artois*, in which the queen of English song, Madame Bishop, was as great as ever. Her desert scene was enthusiastically applauded. Indeed the whole performance, from beginning to end, was one continued ovation. It is needless to mention the encores the fair artiste received. All this has been mentioned before, and we need only say that, in the present instance, the enthusiasm was greater than on any former occasion. Almost all the officers acted as *vrais claqueurs*, and were vociferous in their calls for "Bishop." I never saw the military so entirely lay down, what one of our writers calls their "aristocratic frigidity!" They appeared quite effervescent in their enthusiasm. It may be that Madame Bishop's appearance, who certainly looked most charming, had some influence in stimulating the gallant members in their uproarious acclamations. I never before witnessed scarlet coats so terribly excited. Madame Bishop's benefit, and last appearance (announced), took place last evening (Monday). The performances were *Anna Bolena*, the interlude of *Is he Jealous?* and the second act of *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Until last evening I could hardly have believed it possible for one female artist, were she ever so great, to represent with the highest effect two such very opposite characters as Anna Bolena, and Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, the one soaring to the loftiest range of tragic impersonation, the other moving in the gentler, more graceful, and more natural sphere of comedy. Sontag and Persiani are examples of the best kind in the latter class of characters; and Pasta and Schroeder Devrient of the former. But let us suppose Pasta to alternate parts with Sontag, or Schroeder with Persiani, we should find comparative failure the inevitable result. To Malibran only, hitherto, yea, and to the *Diva* Grisi, have we seen Melpomene and Thalia award their various laurels, to be "worn long and well," by these celebrated artists; but Madame Bishop now steps forward, and demands as her right, the muses being nothing loth, the award of the two-fold wreath. I need not tell you what an ardent admirer I am of Madame Bishop's talent, but she really astonished me by the performance of the light, coquettish Adina, after the impetuous and high toned Anna. Madame Bishop, independent of her vocal powers, is a great dramatic artist, either in tragedy or comedy. She never exaggerates, nor oversteps the bounds of nature, yet never omits the occasion to exhibit passion in its force or intensity, or to give the brightest colouring to livelier efforts. She looked quite charming in Anna Bolena. Her dress was admirable, and in excellent keeping with the character. She has evidently studied the part of Anna Bolena deeply, and her conception of the character is original, as well as fine. In Anna Bolena, *fioritura*, facility of vocalisation, perfect shakes, even a pure soprano voice, though all be necessary, are secondary considerations. The artist felt this, and supplied the higher requisites of abandonment in the passion, power, and energy in recitative passages, and infinite pathos in the *morceaux* of cantabile. I suspect you in London have not heard Bishop yet. Had I heard her in the *Maid of Artois* only, I should not have the lofty opinion I now entertain of her, however highly I might have rated her talents. Her Anna Bolena is

a very grand performance, and places her among the greatest artists. I repeat Madame Bishop has yet to see her day in London. Her success last night was tremendous. She was encored in the duet of the second act, that between Anna and Jane Seymour, which her acting no less than her singing won for her. In my opinion this duet is the most expressive vocal *morceau* in the opera, and offers much scope for fine acting. Madame Bishop was exceedingly touching throughout, and received great applause in her performance, especially for that part where she discovers that Jane Seymour is her rival. The *rondo finale* created an immense sensation, and was given with such force and expression as to surprise me exceedingly. The composition itself is sad stuff, but Madame Bishop threw so many graces round it that it seemed to be quite a different *morceau* altogether. The opera was got up with much care. The dresses and scenery were splendid. I do not think it needful to speak of the other characters. They can possibly have no interest for your readers. I cannot, however, omit mentioning the debuting of two young ladies, the Misses De la Vega, who performed the parts of Smeaton and Seymour in a most creditable manner, and were heartily applauded. The choruses were effective, and the orchestra good, but on a very small scale. Mr. Levey is a very efficient leader. The second act of *L'Elisir d'Amore* concluded the evening's entertainment. It was no small matter of surprise to the audience to behold Madame Bishop, after the extraordinary fatigues she had undergone in *Anna Bolena*, appear on the stage in *Adina*, after a few minutes repose, as fresh as ever, and her voice sounding as clear and silvery as it did in the opening scenes of the opera seria. She was encored in *La Barcarola*, the duet with Dulcamara, and the *rondo finale*. At the end Madame Bishop was called for, and cheered from all parts of the house for several minutes. She appeared quite overcome with emotion, which was only the signal for another vociferous cheer, which lasted until the fair artiste disappeared at the wing. Madame Bishop's great success last night has, it appears by this day's bills, induced Mr. Calcraft to engage her for another night. I have this instant heard that the manager offered Madame Bishop very high terms for another week, which were declined, in consequence of previous engagements in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Madame Bishop's farewell performance takes place on Thursday next, the 25th, when she is announced to appear in two acts of *Anna Bolena*, the second act of *L'Elisir d'Amore*, and the last act of *Sonnambula*. The whole of *Anna Bolena* could not be performed, in consequence of Mr. P. Corri, who played Henry, being compelled to go to Liverpool, where he is regularly engaged. I shall certainly go, and have no doubt that such a treat must bring a great audience. F. G. told me yesterday he sent you an account of the last Philharmonic concert. Adieu for the present.

Yours, &c.

C. R.

MEMOIR OF GRETRY.

GRETRY, the composer of the popular French opera of "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," was born at Liege, a well-known town in Westphalia, in the year 1741. At an early age he became sensible to the charms of music, and to this sensibility, when he was only four years old, he was nearly falling a sacrifice. It is related of him, that, being left alone in a room where some water was boiling in an iron pot over a wood fire, the sound caught his ear, and for some time he amused himself by dancing to it. The curiosity of the child, however, at length prompted him to uncover the vessel, in so doing he overset it, and the water fell upon and dreadfully

scalded him from head to foot. From the care and attention that were paid by his parents and medical attendant, he at length recovered in every respect from this accident, except having a weakness of sight, which continued ever afterwards. When he was six years old his father (a teacher of music) placed him in the choir of the collegiate church of St. Denis, and unfortunately, but necessarily, under the tuition of a master who was brutal and inhuman to all his pupils. Young Grétry had his full share of ill-treatment, yet such was his attachment to this man, that he never could prevail upon himself to disclose it to his father, fearing that by his influence the chapter might be induced to take some steps that would be injurious to him. An accident, which for a time put a stop to his studies, deserves to be related here. It was usual at Liege to tell children that God will grant to them whatever they ask of him at their first communion; young Grétry had long proposed to pray on that occasion that he might immediately die if he were not destined to be an honest man and a man of eminence in his profession. On that very day, having gone to the top of the tower to see the men strike the wooden bells, which are always used during the Passion week, a beam of considerable weight fell on his head and laid him senseless on the floor. A person who was present ran for the extreme unction but on his return he found the youth upon his legs. On being shown the heavy log that had fallen upon him, "Well, well," he exclaimed, "since I am not killed I am now sure that I shall be an honest man and a good musician." He did not at first appear to have sustained any serious injury, but his mouth was full of blood, and the next day a depression of the cranium was discovered; on which, however, no operation was attempted and which was suffered to continue. From this time, but whether owing to the accident or not it is not known, his disposition was considerably altered. His former gaiety gave way in a great measure to sadness, and never afterwards returned, except at intervals. On his return to the choir he acquitted himself by no means to the satisfaction of his father, who for a time withdrew him for the purpose of his receiving further instruction.

He was now placed under the care of a master as mild as the other had been severe. When his father replaced him in the choir, his improvement, both in singing and playing, was found to have been very great. The first time he sang in the choir, the orchestra, delighted with his voice, and fearing to lose the sound of it, was reduced to the pianissimo; the children of the choir around him drew back from respect; almost all the canons left their seats, and were deaf to the bell that announced the elevation of the host. All the chapter, all the city, all the actors of the Italian Theatre applauded him; the savage master himself took him by the hand, and told him that he would become a musician of great eminence. Some little time afterwards his voice began to break. It would then have been prudent to have forbidden his singing; but this not being done, a spitting of blood was brought on, to which, on any exertion, he was ever after subject. Not long, subsequently to this, he was placed under the care of Moreau; but such was the exuberance of his genius, that he had previously attempted several of the most complicated kinds of music. "I composed six symphonies," says Grétry, "which were successfully executed in our city. M. Hasler, the canon, begged me to let him carry them to the convent. He encouraged me greatly, advised me to go to Rome, in order to pursue my studies, and offered me his purse. My master in composition thought this little success would be mischievous to me, and prevent me from pursuing that regular course of study so necessary to my becoming a

sound contrapuntist. He never mentioned my symphonies." Grétry walked to Rome in 1759, being then only 18 years old. Here, in order that his genius might be as much unfettered as possible, he studied under several masters, and he almost every day visited the churches, to hear the music of Casali, Euriseshio, and Lustrini; but particularly that of the former, with which he was greatly delighted. The ardour with which he pursued his studies was so great that it suffered him to pay but little attention to his health. This consequently, became much impaired, and he was obliged for a while to leave Rome, and retire into the country. One day, on Mount Millini, he met a hermit, who gave him an invitation to his retreat, which he accepted, and he became an inmate and companion for three months. He returned to Rome, and young as he was, then he distinguished himself in the composition of an intermezzo, entitled *Le Vende Miatrice*. This success was so decisive, that he was very near suffering fatally from the jealousy of a rival in his profession. Admired and courted in the capital of Italy, Grétry here continued his labours and his studies with assiduity and perseverance, till M. Mellon, a gentleman in the suite of the French ambassador incited in him a desire to visit Paris. In his way to that city, in the year 1767, he stopped at Geneva, and there composed his first French opera of *Isabelle et Gertrude*. Respecting the performance of this work, he relates an amusing anecdote. "One of the performers in the orchestra, a dancing master, came to me in the morning previously to the representation, to inform me that some young people intended to call for me on the stage with acclamation at the end of the piece, in the same manner as at Paris. I told him that I had never seen that done in Italy." "You will, however, see it here," says he, "and you will be the first composer who has received this honour in our republic." It was in vain for me to dispute the point; he would absolutely teach me the bow that I was to make with a proper grace. As soon as the opera was finished, they called for me sure enough; and, with great vehemence, I was obliged to appear to thank the audience for their indulgence; but my friend in the orchestra cried out aloud, "Pooh, that is not it!—not at all; but get along." "What's the matter?" asked his brethren in the orchestra. "I am out of all patience," said the dancing master; "I went to his lodgings this morning, on purpose to show him how to present himself nobly; and did you ever see such an awkward booby?" It was some time before Grétry could obtain in Paris, a piece to compose; and he was first introduced to public notice there, in 1768, by writing the music to Marmontel's opera, "*Le Huron*." This met with the most flattering success. The opera of "*Lucile*" followed, which was even more successful. His fame was now established in France, and he produced nearly thirty comic operas for the *Académie Royale* in Paris. Of these "*Zémire et Azor*," and "*Richard Cœur de Lion*," have been translated, and successfully produced on the English stage. The taste of the Parisians tended greatly to corrupt that of Grétry; but he has done much towards improving theirs: they have met about half-way; and perhaps the genius of the French language, the style of singing, and the national prejudices, even if he had continued inflexible, could not have admitted of a nearer approximation than we find in his music. Sacchini has been known to say of Grétry that he remembered him at Naples, where he regarded him as a young man of great genius, who wrote as much in the style of that school as even any of the Italian masters; but that when he heard his comic opera at Paris, many years afterwards, he did not find that his style had much improved by composing to French words, and for French singers. Grétry, during the

times of anarchy in France, became tainted with revolutionary principles: he went so far as to publish a work on the subject of religion, entitled "*De la vérité de ce que nous faisons, ce que nous sommes, et ce que nous devons être*;" which shows him also to have been deeply tinctured with infidelity. He died at Montmorency, on the 24th of September, 1813.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

Continued from page 119.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

It produces such an agreeable sensation to employ one's self about something, of which one has only a half knowledge, that no one should reprove the amateur for meddling with an art which he can never thoroughly learn, nor blame the artist if, passing the limits of his peculiar art, he chooses to recreate himself in an adjoining field.

In this benient mood we contemplate the architect's preparations for painting the chapel. The colours were prepared, the measure was taken, the curtains were drawn. He had renounced all claims to invention, confining himself to his outlines, and thus his only care was to arrange with skill the sitting and flying figures, and thus tastefully to adorn the place.

The scaffolding was erected, the work proceeded, and now enough had been done to appeal to the eyes, he could not object to a visit from Charlotte and Otilia. The animated countenances of the angels, the floating garments against the blue vault of heaven, charmed the eye, while the quiet pious character of the forms calmed the mind, and produced a very softening effect.

The ladies had joined the architect on the scaffold, and Otilia had scarcely observed how easily and conveniently all was done, than the knowledge she had received from early instruction seemed at once to develop itself. She took up pencil and colour, and after proper directions, commenced a garment full of folds, in which she showed as much neatness as dexterity.

Charlotte, who was pleased to see Otilia busied and amused in any manner, let her and the architect proceed, and retired to dwell on her own thoughts, and to pursue alone her own meditations and cares, which she could communicate to none.

If common-place persons, who, by the ordinary perplexities of the day, are forced into a painful display of passion, elicit from us a smile of pity, we, on the other hand, regard with reserve a mind in which the seeds of a great destiny have been sown, which must wait for the development of what it has thus received, and which can hasten neither the good nor the bad, neither the happiness nor the unhappiness, which may result from such a germ.

Edward had answered Charlotte, through the messenger which she had sent to his solitary retreat, in a kind and sympathetic manner; but in a style rather collected and serious, than trusting and affectionate. Shortly afterwards Edward had disappeared, and his wife could obtain no intelligence concerning him until at last she chanced to find his name in the gazettes, where he was honourably named among those who had distinguished themselves in a recent battle. She now knew the course he had taken, she learned that he had escaped great danger; but was, at the same time, convinced that he would seek still greater peril, and she could not help inferring that he was not to be restrained by the most violent extremities. She always retained her anxiety on this head, and whichever way she turned the matter she could find nothing to quiet her uneasiness.

Otilia, suspecting nothing of all this, had conceived the greatest inclination for the work in the chapel, and had received from Charlotte a ready permission to proceed with it regularly. A rapid progress was made, and the azure sky was now peopled with suitable inhabitants. By practice and perseverance Otilia and the architect acquired more freedom, as was proved by their last figures, which were manifestly the best. Even the faces, the painting of which was left to the architect alone, began gradually to assume a decided peculiarity. Indeed they all began to bear a resemblance to Otilia. The presence of the beautiful girl must have made so lively an impression on the mind of the young man, who had no preconceived physiognomy, either natural or artificial, that

gradually nothing was lost on the road from the eye to the hand—nay, both worked harmoniously together. Enough—in one of the last faces he succeeded perfectly—in that it seemed as if Ottilia herself had descended from the heavenly regions.

The arch was soon finished. They had determined to leave the walls plain, and merely to give them a wash of a light brownish colour, that the slight pillars and artistically carved ornaments might be set off by a darker ground. But, as in such matters, one thing always leads to another, they resolved to have some hanging wreaths of flowers and fruit, which should, as it were, connect heaven and earth. Here Ottilia was quite at home. The gardens furnished them with the most living patterns, and although the wreaths were very rich, the work was done sooner than had been expected.

But still all looked rough and unfinished. There was a confusion of scaffoldings, boards were thrown one over the other, and the uneven floor was still more disfigured by the various colours which had been spilled upon it. The architect requested that the ladies would give him a week before they entered the chapel. At last, one fine evening, he asked them to go there, but did not wish to accompany them, and at once took his leave.

"Whatever may be the mission he has intended for us," said Charlotte, when he had departed, "I have no wish to go down there at present. You can do it yourself, and give me an account. No doubt he has produced something agreeable, which I will enjoy first in your description, and afterwards most willingly in reality."

Ottilia, who perfectly knew that Charlotte took great care of herself, avoided all mental excitement, and particularly a surprise, at once set out, and looked involuntarily for the architect, who was nowhere to be seen, and might, as she thought, have concealed himself. She entered the church, which she found open. This had been previously finished, cleaned, and consecrated. She then approached the door of the chapel, which, though heavily studded with metal, opened readily at her touch, and surprised her by the unexpected sight which she found in a familiar place.

A variegated solemn light fell through the one lofty window, which was elegantly composed of coloured glass. Thus the whole acquired a new tone, and produced a peculiar state of mind. The beauty of the arch and the walls was increased by the ornamental floor, which consisted of bricks of a particular shape, laid according to a beautiful pattern, and connected by a surface of plaster of Paris. This, as well as the coloured panes, had been privately prepared by the architect's orders, and all could be joined together in a short time. Resting-places had likewise been provided. Some finely-carved chairs had been found among the ecclesiastical antiquities, and these had been suitably placed around against the walls.

The well-known parts thus combined into an unknown whole, gave great delight to Ottilia. She stood still, walked up and down, looked and looked again, till at last she seated herself upon one of the chairs, and while she cast her eyes around, it seemed to her as though she was and was not, as if she was sensible and not sensible, as if all this would vanish before her, and she before herself; and it was only when the sun had quitted the window, which it had brightly illuminated, that she awoke from her reverie, and hastened to the castle.

She did not conceal from herself at how strange a time this surprise had occurred. It was the evening before Edward's birthday. This she had hoped to celebrate in a very different manner—why should not everything be decorated for this festival? But now the whole floral wealth of autumn, remained unplucked, the sun-flowers still turned their faces towards heaven, the china-asters looked modestly before them, and so many of them as had been bound into wreaths had served as a pattern for the decoration of a place, which, if it were not a mere artistical whim, but was to be turned to some account, only seemed adapted for a place of burial.

She could not help calling to mind the noisy activity with which Edward had celebrated her own birthday, nor thinking of the newly-built summer-house, under the roof of which so many kind words had been spoken. The firework again seemed to be rushing forth before her eyes and ears. The more lonely she was the more did it present itself to her imagination; but this only increased her sense of loneliness. She no longer leaned upon his arm, and had no hope that she would ever again find a support in him,

EXTRACTS FROM OTTILIA'S DIARY, AND JULLIEN'S

The young artist made a remark which I must note down. Both in the artisan and the artist we may plainly perceive that man can least appropriate to himself what particularly belongs to him. His works leave him as birds leave the nest in which they were hatched.

In this respect the architect's fate is the strangest of all. How often does he expend his whole mind and inclination to produce places from which he must exclude himself. Royal palaces are indebted to him for their magnificence, but he does not enjoy their grandest effect. In the temple he draws a boundary between himself and the sanctuary; he must not tread the steps which he laid for the heart-elevating solemnity, but he is as the goldsmith, who may, only at a distance, adorn the cibory,* the enamel and jewels of which he has himself arranged. To the rich man the architect with the keys of the palace surrenders all the ease and convenience he has produced, without participating in it in the slightest degree. Must not the work thus gradually estrange itself from the artist, and be like a child, which, once established in the world, ceases to re-act upon its father? How much must art have advanced when destined to occupy itself with public life, with that which belonged to all, the artist himself included!

One notion of the ancient races is serious, and may appear terrible. They conceived their ancestors sitting on thrones round the interior of large caves, occupied in mute converse. On the entrance of a new-comer, if he was worthy of the honour, they arose, and welcomed him with an inclination of the head. Yesterday, as I sat in the chapel, and saw several things arranged opposite to my carved chair, this thought appeared to me both kindly and graceful. "Why cannot you remain sitting?" I thought to myself—"Why cannot you remain quiet and absorbed in your own contemplations for a long—long time, until at last the friends come, to whom you would rise, and with a friendly bow assign a seat?" The coloured panes change the day to a solemn twilight, and every one should be obliged to furnish a perpetual lamp, that even night might not be wholly dark.

Place ourselves how we will, we always conceive ourselves to be seeing. I think man only dreams, that he may not cease from seeing. It might so happen, sometime or other, that the inner light would beam out of us, and that we should not need any other.

The year draws to a close. The wind goes over the stubble and finds nothing more to move; only the red berries on yonder slender trees seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful, just as the sound of the thrasher's flail awakens in us the thought of the life and nourishment which are concealed in the corn.

* The golden vessel which contains the Host in the Catholic service.

(To be continued.)

* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XXIII.

FEAR not, my dearest, though the envious tongue
Should dart its venom, like a pointed flame,
Hoping to wound thy fair—thy spotless name,
Still there is one to shelter thee from wrong.
Love, thou art hated by a growling throng,
Who ev'ry look and ev'ry action blame,
Because thy thoughts with theirs are not the same,
But to a higher, nobler soul belong.
Beloved, proudly laugh to scorn their hate,
Rememb'ring ever near thee is a heart,
Which to thine own love's firmest fetters bind.
Oh, I will guard the treasure giv'n by fate;
Thou art mine own—if lash'd by storms thou art,
In this fond heart a refuge thou wilt find.

N. D.

JULLIEN AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OH! rare Jullien! incomparable, inimitable Jullien! who is there could have so filled the large area of the Free Trade Hall here as he did on Saturday last? Talk of a Promenade Concert! Promenading was out of the question! Why

there must have been betwixt three and four thousand persons present! And well—right well does Jullien deserve such support: for with all his trap-clap (humbly it has been spitefully termed) he has done more, perhaps, than any man of his day to disseminate a taste for first-rate instrumental music, by always having the best on each respective instrument as his solo players—see the picked men he had here with him this time—Baumann (bassoon), Barret (oboe), Richardson (flute), Lazarus (clarinet), König (cornet), Cioffi (trombone), Hausmann and Lavenu (violincellos), Casolani (double-bass), Prosperi (ophicleide); and last, not least, Conductor Jullien! (To see Jullien and his conducting is of itself worth all the money.) Then he had the band of the foot regiments here to assist him—and the mighty drum which was used at Covent-Garden, and which *Punch* suggested ought to be made into an omnibus to contain the whole band. As if all this were not enough in all conscience, we had superadded one of England's prime *donne*, Miss Birch, who never sang more divinely; her delivery, execution, and power were all shown to great effect in a scena from Verdi's *Ernani*, "Sorte e la notte." She gave besides Roch Albert's clever song, "Come o'er the sea," (which was encored) and Heitzel's "Song of the Chimes," very delightfully. After Miss Birch the great cards were Jullien's new quadrille, "The British Army," for the first time here, and "The American Polka," both Jullien—*intensely Jullien* all over, and immensely clever at the same time. The descriptive portions of his Army Quadrille and the Railroad Overture in the Polka are excellent; the latter was most vociferously encored. Jullien comes again for his "second and positively last concert in Manchester, at present," on Wednesday next, when another bumper may be expected at the Free Trade Hall.—On Thursday, the next Hargreaves Concert takes place, of which full particulars shall be sent to you. It is a new experiment the directors are making, that is, the giving a concert *entirely* consisting of choruses, or glees, or rounds all sung in chorus! Whether it will be successful remains to be seen. The Hargreaves choir are well drilled, and sing admirably, but *toujours perdrix*; we shall see. The subscribers will scarcely be satisfied without the usual attraction of London talent as principal singers, and will miss the variety and relief afforded by songs, duets, trios, &c. However you shall have the result faithfully, and the scheme you should give entire next week, as in its way it is *unique*.

CONCERTS.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT.—Among all our musicians there is not one whose efforts are more worthy the attention of artists and the patronage of the public than Mr. Sterndale Bennett. He has toiled long and worthily in the good cause, and has never been known, since the beginning of his career, to sacrifice his art at the shrine of evanescent popularity, or to the ignoble purposes of lucre. With the European name which he has so well and conscientiously earned, he might, like other persons we could name, supply the music-shops with the ephemeral productions of his pen; but, in the spirit of rectitude and independence that has been the ruling star of his whole artistic life, he has disdained this equivocal means of insuring celebrity and wealth, and has gone on quietly, but surely, building for himself a reputation that shall endure as long as music is a language, and art a thing to be revered. It is owing to the depressed state of the musical profession in this country, arising chiefly from the want of government and aristocratic patronage, that the fact of such an artist as Mr. Bennett being born among us, and dwelling among us, is regarded with comparative indifference. In Germany he would be a Mendelssohn; as a proof of which it is but necessary to cite the fact, that when Mr. Bennett visited Leipzig, the most musical city of the north, the author of *Elia* resigned his *baton* to our young countryman, engaged him to conduct and to perform at the far-famed "Abon-

nement Concerts," made a complete festival of the introduction and execution of his works, and by placing him on all occasions on a level with himself, endeavoured to make the Germans understand how highly he esteemed his genius and his talents. Nor were the Germans slow to appreciate his worth; for however enthusiastically his merits may be rated by the refined thinkers in our English musical world, it is in Germany alone that Sterndale Bennett is properly and thoroughly esteemed and understood. Mr. Bennett's musical attainments are two-fold, executive and inventive. He is beyond question our own greatest pianist, and, moreover, he has added to the wealth of art by contributions to the orchestra and to the piano-forte, his chosen instrument, which already, during the composer's life-time, rank among the classics of music. With these preliminaries it will be easy to understand with how much pleasure the crowd of fashionable *dilettante* and eminent professors who attended, listened to a programme of chamber-music, vocal and instrumental, in which Mr. Bennett himself was the chief executant, and in which some of his own works were included. Mr. Bennett's solo performances on the piano-forte included Mendelssohn's sixth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*; the *Chaconne*, with variations, in G, from Handel's *Suites des Pièces*, and a selection of detached pieces of his own, including a romance in B, called *Geneviève*; a *Scherzo* in E minor, a recent production; and the *Rondo Piacévole* in E major. The *Lied* in C major, from the set of Mendelssohn, a marvellous specimen of *prestissimo* playing, was unanimously encored. The *Chaconne* of Handel was rendered with the quaint expression and resolute execution suitable to its character. The composer's own works, highly favourable specimens of his style, were, it is scarcely necessary to say, interpreted to perfection. The *Rondo Piacévole*, a short piece, in which exuberance of melody and refinement of harmony are displayed in a consummate degree, was well calculated to show off Mr. Bennett's peculiar style of execution to advantage, admitting the greatest variety of expression. Besides these, he performed Mozart's *trio* in E flat with Messrs. Dando and Williams, both first-rate artists, on the violin and clarinet; Bach's violin sonata in E major, with Mr. Dando; and Mozart's grand duet in F minor, for two performers on the pianoforte, in which Mr. Potter, one of our most refined and classical pianists, under whom Mr. Bennett learned the art of pianoforte playing and the principles of composition, lent his valuable assistance. The vocal music consisted of two beautiful songs by Mr. Bennett, "Musing on the roaring Ocean," and "Gentle Zephyr," besides a song of Mendelssohn, "Auf dem Wasser," of which we have spoken on a previous occasion. These were all sung by Miss Dolby, in that unaffected and musician-like manner that so well suits the music, and is so attractive a characteristic in the style of this clever and charming artist. "Gentle Zephyr" and Mendelssohn's song were encored most warmly. Mr. Dorrell was the accompanist, and a better could not easily be found; he is an excellent pianist, and a thorough musician. The following was the order of the programme, which we print in full, as a model for concert-givers to follow:—

PART I.—Trio in E flat, pianoforte, tenor, and clarinet, Mozart, Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Dando, and Williams. *Lieder ohne Worte* (6th book), pianoforte, Mendelssohn, Mr. W. S. Bennett. Two Songs:—"Musing on the roaring ocean," "Gentle Zephyr," W. S. Bennett. (Nos. 1 and 6, Op. 23.), Miss Dolby. Sonata E major, pianoforte and violin obligato (from a set of six), J. S. Bach, Messrs. W. S. Bennett and Dando.

PART II.—Grand Duet in F minor, in Two Parts, pianoforte, à quatre mains, Mozart, Messrs. Cipriani Potter, and W. S. Bennett. *Chaconne*, with variations, from the "Suites des Pièces pour le Clavecin," Handel, Mr. W. S. Bennett. *Lied*, "Auf dem Wasser," Mendelssohn. (Composed for Miss Dolby's Album.) Selection, from the pianoforte works of W. S. Bennett, "Geneviève"—Romance; *Scherzo* E minor, (first time); *Rondo Piacévole*, Op. 25.

Mozart's trio, the programme informs us, was composed in 1786, on the 5th of August; by which it would appear that it was written in one day, a fact we take leave to doubt. The sonata of Bach is one of a set (says Forkel) "composed between 1718 and 1722, when chapel master to Prince Anhalt-Coethen, but not published during the life-time of the author, although they may be classed with those works by which he began to make himself famous. They are throughout *fugues*, and abound in melodious and masterly imitations. The violin part requires an experienced performer." The programme, moreover, informs us that Mozart's

duet was written "expressly for a musical clock," on March 3rd, 1791. We are doubtful, both as to the clock and as to the time occupied in composition. It would seem that Mozart composed all his long works in the short available space of a day—to which, add the night, and there would be no time to lose. In respect to the *chaconne*, the programme gives us Koch's definition from the *Musikalisches Lexicon*, in these words:—"A now obsolete dance, having had its origin in Italy, where, as well as in Spain, it was very popular. The melody, in 3-4 time, requires to be expressively marked, and to be performed in a gentle and moderate time." The programme further instructs us that Mendelssohn's song was composed for Miss Dolby's Album; but this fact has already been disclosed to our readers. Of the three works of his own, which Mr. Bennett performed, the *Scherzo* is a new composition, which we shall take an early occasion to review. It is evidently an artistic and elegant composition. In short, the whole concert was a classical treat of the highest order.

MR. DANDO'S QUARTET CONCERTS.—The third in the series of these entertainments was held in the Throne-Room, Crosby-Hall, on Monday evening. The room was better attended by subscribers than at the preceding Concert, and this may be attributed to the fineness of the weather. The programme ran thus:—

PART I.—Quartet in C major, (No. 57) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, *Haydn*, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas. Aria, Mr. Lockey, "In a sea of litter anguish," (*Orfeo*), *Haydn*. Quartet in B flat major, (No. 6.) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, *Beethoven*. Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, and Lucas.

PART II.—Quartet in B minor, (Op. 3.) for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, *Mendelssohn*. Messrs. Mangold, Dando, W. Thomas, and Lucas. Songs, Mr. Kench, "The Night Journey," *Czapek*, and "Unwearied at thy gate," *Kuchen*. Quintet in E flat major, (Op. 23.) for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos, *Onslow*, Messrs. Dando, Gattie, W. Thomas, Lucas, and Hancock.

The quartet of Haydn was very finely performed, and produced a great effect. The *finale* created immense sensation, and was rapturously applauded. The executants came out in the *presto* with surprising force, and left nothing to be desired in the interpretation of the composer's intention. Mr. Lockey gave the song from *Orfeo* excellently, displaying great capacity for the pure classical school of singing. The quartet of Beethoven was capitally played; but in the "Malinconia," the violoncello made a slip, coming in on the wrong half of the bar, which had for the moment a very odd effect. We noticed also a tendency in the viola to drag in the slow movement, which it were as well the performer avoided on a future occasion. The quartet of Mendelssohn did not entirely satisfy us in the performance. It is a giant composition, and demands giant forces to do it adequate justice. Mr. Mangold is a very efficient pianoforte player, and in vocal accompaniments and the modern school of performance he is very meritorious; but he seems not to have studied sufficiently the great production of the German master, or he had not sufficiently rehearsed with the other executants to give it due effect. Notwithstanding this the quartet went off with effect. Mr. Kench was applauded from all parts of the room, and was rapturously encored. This gentleman has a most pleasing voice, and sings with exceeding nice taste. If his delivery were somewhat better, he would be a very fine vocalist. He created a great sensation. The quintet of Onslow is one of his oldest and best. It was admirably performed, the trio in the second movement being very much applauded. An unfortunate accident occurred during the *largo*, Mr. Dando's first string breaking, which, however, did not stop the performance, as Mr. Dando used the third string most effectively, until he changed his violin at a pause. The same was exhibited in the management of the violin which he exchanged for his own, which was certainly half a note below the rest, and all the other strings out of tune to the A. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Dando continued to hide all defects, and in the *finale*, of course, resumed his own instrument. This proved Mr. Dando a genuine artist, and perfect master of his instrument. We have witnessed nothing more artistic than this violin-generalship for a long while. The concert gave the utmost gratification. The next meeting will be held on Monday evening, March the 8th. Mr. Mangold conducted the vocal music as well as could be desired.

MADAME DULCKEN'S SOIREE MUSICALE.—The third and last

concert was held on Wednesday evening. The programme was first-rate in every respect and was chosen to suit all tastes. The only fault we have to find with the selection is that the *morceaux* were not well disposed, the second part constituting the least interesting portion of the concert, and thus forming a veritable anticlimax, not that we have any fault to find with the selection individually, which was excellent. Let the reader judge:—

PART I.—Quintet, in D, (Op. 24.) two violins, two violas, and violoncello, Messrs. Willy, Ruckner, Hill, Weslake, and Lucas, *Mozart*. *Larghetto*—Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto, Allegretto—Finale, Allegro. Aria, "Adelaide," Signor Marras, *Beethoven*. Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Willy and Lucas, *Mendelssohn*. Aria, "Dove sono," Mrs. Weiss, (*Nozze di Figaro*), *Mozart*. Song, "The Garland," Mr. Lockey, *Mendelssohn*. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, Madame Dulcken, and Monsieur Sainton, *Beethoven*.

PART II.—New Concerto, pianoforte, and orchestral accompaniments, Madame Dulcken, Messrs. Willy, Jay, Ruckner, Webb, Hill, Weslake, Lucas, Goodban, and Howell, *Charles Meyer*. Serenata, "Com'è gentil," Signor Marras, *Donizetti*. Duet, "Saper vorrei," Miss and Mr. Lockey, *Haydn*. Sonata à quatre mains, pianoforte, Madame Dulcken and Mr. Benedict, *Mozart*. Duetto, "Ebbene ti lascio un momento," Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, (*Il Seraglio*), *Mozart*.—Conductors, Messrs. Benedict and Horsley.

The Quintet of Mozart is a magnificent composition and was very finely played. The *finale allegro* was a brilliant performance. Beethoven's aria was given with more pathos and expression than we could have desired. The vocalist by aiming at too much lost many of the effects of that delicious composition. Mendelssohn's trio is a master-work and was energetically played. We have rarely heard Madame Dulcken perform with greater brilliancy. Messrs. Willy and Lucas were quite at home in the music of the great composer. This trio is indeed a work of the highest order. The song from the *Nozze di Figaro* was well given by Mrs. Weiss. The recitative was especially good. Mr. Lockey's singing of Mendelssohn's "Garland" was decidedly the best vocal effort of the evening. He sang it with infinite taste and expression. The performance of Beethoven's grand sonata was brilliant and finished, the fair pianist and violinist seeming to exert all their power in vying for the mastery. M. Sainton is an admirable executant, and in music of the classical school may rank with the best performers on the instrument. The concerto of Charles Meyer is a clever and brilliant composition and is written with a thorough knowledge of the resources and capabilities of the piano. Here again we have to award the greatest amount of praise to Madame Dulcken, whose spirited performance obtained unanimous approval; the other executants coming in for their share of the applause. Signor Marras was far happier in Donizetti's pretty serenata than in Beethoven's aria, and sang it very gracefully. Haydn's duet is beautiful, and was capitally given by the vocalists. Mozart's glorious sonata we have rarely heard more finely interpreted than on the present occasion. Thanks, many thanks, to the fair lady for introducing this mighty effort of the master-mind of music into her last concert. A more zealous and able co-operator than Mr. Benedict could not have been chosen by the fair pianist. The duet from Mozart's little-known opera, (popularly speaking), constituted an exquisite finale to a most admirable entertainment, and the audience departed entertaining but one feeling of regret, viz.: that Madame Dulcken should have limited her series to three concerts.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The second concert of this society was held on Friday, the 19th instant, at the Music Hall, Store Street. The programme consisted of the overtures to *Preciosa*, *Cenerentola*, and *Don Giovanni*, Mozart's symphony in D, No. 4, Beethoven's symphony in C, No. 1, and an operatic selection from *Robert le Diable*, arranged by Signor Negri. Mr. Balfe, as usual, conducted. The spirit and intention of the Amateur Society are entitled to our warmest praise. We augur an immense deal of good, ere long, resulting from the familiar intercourse ensuing between the professor of music and his lordly supporters. Heretofore music was looked upon, among the higher classes of society, as merely a recreation, or amusement, a help to lighten the heavy wings of Time, for which they could not pay too much, and which they could not make too fashionable. Gris, Tamburini, Balfe, Sterndale Bennett, and Sainton might be invited to St. James's, or May Fair, but they were either admitted upon sufferance and patronized, or they were paid for their professional attendance. They were rarely invited as equals—because—we would blink

the truth if we could—they were not considered associates for a lord! Mark the absurdity! The apothecary, surgeon, poor-paid curate, half-pay officer, and Temple student, were all received in their houses as equals by the aristocracy, while the musician alone was excluded, as one not fit to take his place above the salt-seller. That this was the general feeling among the English nobility some time ago is incontestible, and even now the prejudice lingers about some old mansions of our senatorial classes. But the feeling, thanks to an age of reformation and liberality, dies like the dolphin, and the last hue is fading into its last darkness. The intercommunication between artists and amateurs will be beneficial to both parties in the highest degree. The amateurs will be enlightened by the superior acquirements of the musicians, and the musicians will have their tastes and manners attuned to a more gentle and polished seeming by mingling with the amateurs. So far, benefit will accrue to both. But a still happier issue will assuredly follow. Music will be more widely disseminated and better understood among the higher classes. This will be the chiefest and best result to be anticipated from the establishment of the Amateur Musical Society. The performances on Friday night were excellent. The solo bits in the overtures and symphonies, mostly played by the amateurs, were neat and correct in all instances. It is evident that the band have been highly industrious, and that Mr. Balfe has worked with his usual indomitable spirit and energy to make the most of the means submitted to his direction. Mr. Balfe is half an orchestra in himself, and with such a *chef* at its head, we have not the least fears for the ultimate success of the Amateur Musical Society.

SUSSEX-HALL.—A vocal and instrumental concert was held on the evening of Wednesday week, which want of space precluded us from noticing in our last number. The vocalists were Mesdames Albertazzi, Sara Flower, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Messrs. Leffler, D. W. King, H. Smith, Viotti Collins, and Cohan. The vocal section presented nothing unusual. In the instrumental department, Mr. Cohan, the highly original pianist, produced an extraordinary effect on the audience by his singular performance. Mr. Cohan was vehemently encored in a fantasia of his own composition, when he played another fantasia of his own composition, which was also vociferously applauded. Mr. Maurice Davies conducted with skill and efficiency.

SACRED CONCERTS.—The fifth concert of the fifth series of these entertainments was held at Crosby Hall, on the evening of Friday, the 19th. We were unable to attend, and can only give a summary of the proceedings, which has been sent to us by a correspondent. The music was selected from the works of Handel, Kent, Veit, Beethoven, Pergolesi, Curschmann, Hummel, Himmel, Reissiger, Bach, Mendelssohn, Sarti, Hasse, Bishop, Dr. Boyce, Kalliwoda, and Haydn. The vocalists were the Misses Dolby and Steele, and the Messrs. Francis and Machin. Miss Mounsey presided at the organ.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—On Thursday night the new opera, *Matilda of Hungary*, was played for the fourth time, Miss Rainforth assuming the character of Matilda, in place of Miss Romer, whom it was found advisable not to over-work so near upon her recent indisposition. Though Miss Rainforth had to get up the words and the music of the part in the short period of a week, it is but just to say she created a highly favorable sensation. She sang the music charmingly, obtaining encores in the ballad, and in the *rondo finale* of the third act, in both of which she displayed the sensibility and artistic finish for which she is esteemed by musical judges. At the fall of the curtain Miss Rainforth was recalled with Mr. Harrison, to receive the congratulations of the audience. Mr. Wallace's music improves greatly on repetition. The elegance of the melodies and the choral and orchestral combinations, now that they go smoother, are better appreciated. A second hearing confirms our impression, derived from Monday's representation, that *Matilda of Hungary* is a much superior

opera to *Maritana*. Some slight curtailments have been made with advantage, and some few more would be advisable, as the curtain does not fall upon the third act before a quarter to eleven. We understand that Miss Romer has sojourned to the country in order to improve her health, so that Miss Rainforth will appear in the character of Matilda every night till further notice. The houses have been excellent during the week, and there is no doubt that *Matilda of Hungary* will turn out one of the most popular operas Drury Lane has brought out for many years. The ballet of *The Pretty Sicilian*, with the youthful and charming Marietta Baderna as the heroine, continues its attraction.

HAYMARKET.—Dion Bourcicault's new comedy of the *School for Scheming* and the fairy extravaganza of the *Invisible Prince* continue to attract crowded houses every night, and bid fair to run till Easter.

ADELPHI.—Buckstone's *Green Bushes* has drawn crowded houses since its revival. On Monday, March 8th, will be produced a new original drama, in three acts, called *The Flowers of the Forest*, a gipsy's story, from the pen of J. B. Buckstone, Esq.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—On Thursday evening Miss Bassano performed Amina in the *Sonnambula*, we believe, for the first time. The house was very crowded and the fair artist's performance was listened to throughout with great attention. If we were to judge from results we should be compelled to say that Miss Bassano in the *Sonnambula* was astonishing, stupendous, &c., for she was called for at the end of the second act with uproarious acclamations, and also after the *finale*; and, certainly, obtained a triumphant success with the audience. But, unfortunately, the critic's office is to tell the truth, unswayed by prejudice, favour, or enthusiasm. Miss Bassano's Amina is inferior in every respect to her Anna Bolena and Norma. The *Sonnambula* was written for one of the greatest artists and singers the world ever saw, and not only Bellini, but the writer, of the libretto, taxed his ingenuity to the uttermost, to present a vehicle to the artist in which she might embody the greatest powers of her genius. There is no part in any opera that demands such versatility of talents as Amina, and none but the very greatest artist can do it full justice. Is it well, therefore, for an exceedingly clever young singer, quite new to the stage, to assume the most difficult and varied character in the lyric drama, and dare comparisons with Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Persiani? We say, no; and we are satisfied Miss Bassano is not working in the right path. She has talent sufficient to earn an honourable fame for herself, without being forced to compete for one. She is full of promise, and has plenty of stuff in her, and if music was written for her she might become one of the greatest and best regarded of our English vocalists. There are many points in Miss Bassano's Amina of great excellence. All the energetic scenes were given with much effect, especially in the finale to the first act, which was really admirable, and merited the tremendous applause and recall it received; but Miss Bassano's voice is unsuited to the florid portions of the music in the *Sonnambula*, and she knows nothing whatever of comic acting. Allen was admirable in Elvino, and was encored in "All is lost now." We much admired his runaway, and out-of-the-way cadence, in the quatuor in the last scene. It had a meaning and produced its effect. Mr. Bodda made a very good Count, and Miss Rourke a tolerable Liza. The opera was respectably performed throughout. We hope, for Miss Bassano's sake, that some of our own musicians will write an opera for her and give her talents a legitimate chance. The greatest singers have made their names great by having music written especially

for their voices.—*Verbum sat.* Miss Anne Romer has appeared in Balfe's charming opera, *The Castle of Aymon*. This opera is one of the best things that has been done at the Princess's for some time, and is much better adapted to the resources of this establishment than the compositions of the Italian school. Miss Anne Romer was very successful in the heroine's part, and is winning her way fast into public favour. We shall speak more at length of this in our next.

FRENCH PLAYS.—An ever-varying succession of novelties distinguishes this theatre from all others. The interest is never allowed to droop for an instant; an occasional visit will not do at all, for a new piece is never played twice unless eminently successful, and to have a run of three times, there must be something peculiarly striking about it or a royal command; then, again, we have a constant succession of actors—the best that can be imported in their respective departments—now Rachel, Queen of Tragedy, than whom a greater actress never trod the boards in any age or country; now Lemaitre, Prince of Melodrama, inventor of a new school, an alloy of the deepest tragic and the most ludicrous and extravagant comic; he is preceded by the most finished comedian of our times, Perlet, the only living representative of the great national poet and comic author, himself an actor; again the scene shifts and the vaudeville is in the ascendant, to be followed by the interpretress of every day, domestic life, that delightful little creature who won all hearts on her first visit here last year. In this little theatre, where the *entente cordiale* has ever reigned, where the bickerings of diplomatists, the angry quarrels of ministers, and the jealousies of courtiers are abandoned by common consent, where even rival dynasties unite in one opinion, we have the reflexion, the panorama of all that is doing in the French theatrical world. The *Theatre Français*, the *Odéon*, the *Porte St. Martin*, the *Variétés*, the *Gymnase*, the *Vaudeville*, the *Palais Royal*, each sends its representatives by turns; here, in King Street, we have one of the principal attractions of Paris without stirring from home. Surely we owe a debt of gratitude to the enterprising manager who has achieved such miracles.—M. Frederick Lemaitre and Madlle. Clarisse have bidden adieu to our shores for a time; we have carefully followed them in their career, and we have had the delightful task of recording a succession of triumphs. We are convinced they will retain a pleasing remembrance of the kind reception they have experienced, as well as of the due appreciation of their talents. Turn we now to the new comers, Mademoiselle Fargueil and Monsieur Lafont. The lady is new to the London boards, and bids fair to become a general favourite; she dresses admirably, a great recommendation here; her deportment is easy and graceful; her features are pleasing and delicate, we may venture to say she is decidedly pretty; she has much vivacity, and has the tact to sacrifice her beauty to the exigencies of the part she is playing, a sacrifice to which inferior actresses never submit. Her singing is better than is generally to be found in vaudevilles, without however attaining any extraordinary degree of merit. As regards her acting we were much pleased with it; yet we would advise her to do away with a slight tinge of affectation, both of gesture and language, which might otherwise degenerate into mannerism. The *Démon de la Nuit* is a neatly-constructed trifle, which rolls on the affection of some petty German prince for a maid of honour, newly arrived at court. He is engaged to marry the daughter of a neighbouring potentate; but on the arrival of the maid of honour he strives to break off the match, and in the meanwhile pays his court under the disguise of the *Démon de la Nuit*. At one of their meetings the young lady has lost, or rather, some one has

cut off, the end of her scarf, embroidered with the queen's arms. As all her companions have the same scarf, the governess of these young ladies, who has received this proof of frailty from the superintendent of police, desires them all to appear before her arrayed in their scarfs, in order to detect the guilty party. But she is outwitted by our heroine's secretly cutting off the ends of all her companions' scarfs. This is evidently borrowed from our old friend Boccaccio;—see the story of the equeerry of king Agilulf, who, on his own hair being cut off by the king, cut off that of his fellow-servants in like manner, and thereby escaped detection. This plan succeeds in part, but she is subsequently discovered, and threatened with expulsion; but her confidence is great in the *Démon de la Nuit*, who, having succeeded in getting his previous engagement cancelled, now declares his passion, and makes ample reparation by marrying the maid of honour. We must not forget to mention that M. Cartigny, whom we have lost sight of for some time, was richly humorous in the part of an old German baron. In *Pierre le Rouge*, which followed, M. Lafont sustained the reputation which he has already acquired, seconded by Mlle. Fargueil in the part of Jeanneton. The plot of the piece may be told in very few words:—in the first act, Pierre is a peasant of the most illiterate description, he neither knows how to read nor write, and is feared by all the inhabitants of the village on account of the ferocity of his character; he is in love with Jeanneton, a servant at the same farm, whose duty it is to tend her mistress's cows; the mistress has a lurking affection for Pierre, and in order to cure Jeanneton of her affection for him, employs Madré, a miller, to insinuate that Pierre is about to marry her mistress. Jeanneton is indignant, and immediately closes with the offer made her by the Marquis d'Entraigues, to be chosen Rosière, and then to proceed with him to Paris. Pierre on hearing of this refuses to believe it, but when he sees her with the crown on her head in the village procession, he seizes it and tramples it under foot. Jeanneton is indignant and vows she will be revenged; the peasants assemble round Pierre to capture him, but he seizes a flail and unfortunately kills Rainbeau, his best friend; he then escapes and proceeds to Paris. We should have mentioned that this act takes place before the revolution. In the second act, which takes place under the Directory, Jeanneton has put off, not only the garb, but all the manners and the language of a country girl. She has assumed the name of the Citoyenne Cornélie, and is concealing in her house the Marquis d'Entraigues, proscribed by the ruling powers of the day. Here Pierre, under the name of the Citizen Quissac, having risen by honest industry and perseverance to affluence, and Jeanneton are again brought together. Pierre's love for Jeanneton prompts him to offer her his hand, she refuses, he threatens, but she is firm; suddenly an agent of the government enters to arrest the Marquis, Jeanneton resolves to save her lover and lavishes upon Pierre the most tender names, addressing him as the Marquis. The agent immediately arrests him, he denies that he is that person and declares his own name. Unfortunately for him his name is also on the fatal list; he draws a pistol, presents it at the agent, and escapes through the window. But the real marquis is also arrested, and Cornélie orders her carriage, resolved to pay a visit to Barras to obtain his release. The third act is under the restoration. Pierre has gained the title of Count and immense riches, under the empire; he returns to his native village, buys the domain of the family d'Entraigues, and resolves to end his days in peace, and be the benefactor of all dependent upon him. He adopts the daughter of his old

friend Rainbeau, whom he had accidentally killed, to whom he had forwarded large sums of money, through Madré, the miller, the only surviving inhabitant of the village, but which the latter had appropriated to himself. He and Jeanneton, who also comes to the village to buy the domains of her deceased husband, are both recognised by the miller. Driven to desperation by the miller's extortions, the Count assembles all his servants and tenants, and declares that he is Pierre le Rouge, the assassin, under sentence of death; but all the documents which prove his culpability have been destroyed, with the exception of one carefully hoarded up by the miller. This he produces; but it turns out to be a letter from the citizen Quillac in which he had forwarded a large sum of money for the relief of the unfortunate man's family, the real document having been destroyed through the ignorance of the miller, who did not know how to read. The piece winds up with the marriage of Anatole, the godson of the Marquise with the adopted child of the Count, and the union of Jeanneton and Pierre le Rouge. The acting of Mademoiselle Fargueil and M. Lafont was excellent throughout, but more particularly in the first act. Mademoiselle Fargueil was perfection as the peasant girl, and elicited frequent bursts of approbation. They were both called for at the end of the piece. The intelligent and pretty Mdle. Vallée also did the part allotted her with the most charming discretion and feeling. J. DE C.—E.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Allow me to call your attention to an error in the notice of the ninth meeting of the Choral Harmonists, which appeared in the "Musical World" of the 20th instant. The performance of a "Benedictus" is mentioned as "composed by Miss Masson, and sung by a young lady from the Academy;" instead of which it was sung by Mr. Lockett, and is the composition of Miss Macrone, a highly-talented artist. You will not, sir, I trust, lose an opportunity of giving "honour to whom honour is due," either by the publication of this letter, or noticing the mistake in your valuable periodical as soon as convenient.—I am, sir, yours obediently. AMICUS.

PASSACAGLIO.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—Can you inform me why Mr. French Flowers calls the first composition in his work "On the Construction of the Fugue," a "passacaglio?" as in all the dictionaries I have referred to, I find the word "passacaglio" defined as a slow dance in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, which, as Mr. Flowers' composition is not, I trust you will afford me the information I seek. I am, sir, yours truly,

Wolverhampton, Feb. 13.

E. ALLEN.

MUSIC AND PISTOLS.

To the Editor of "The Musical World."

MR. EDITOR,—I am not a nervous man, and although a musical amateur of some note, I care little about the *Beauties* or the *Lumieists*; but certainly I was much startled and put in a considerable state of excitement by reading in a leading Irish paper the following most extraordinary musical announcement:—"To Members of Musical Societies.—A Number of Madrigals, Oratorios, and other Music to be disposed of, the property of a late member of the Antient Concerts; to be seen at 6, College-green. Also, a Pair of Double Barrelled Pistols and Case, made by Kavanah; cost £13, to be sold for £3." Are we come to this, then, Mr. Editor? Are the gentle votaries of that delightful art, music, bent upon destroying each other? What does all this mean? I am afraid that that dreadful line, ALSO A PAIR OF DOUBLE BARRELLED PISTOLS, &c., among madrigals, oratorios, &c., is put in there for some dark purpose, not perhaps unconnected with your two Italian Operas. Good heavens! besides adopting the beards of *Moyen age*, will our orchestra professors, and perhaps our first singers, imitate the ferocity of that time? Stop this, Mr. Editor, pray, as (although I am not a nervous man, as I said before) I shall undoubtedly renounce not only to assist at concert and dramatic performances, but give up music altogether, unless I am pretty sure that violin or clarinet cases do not contain some dangerous and deadly weapons. Indeed I was very uneasy yesterday in giving a look to

the Sax-tuba cases of the Distin family, which are certainly more like arms cases than anything else; but I hear that talented family are of the brains of anybody.—I am, Sir, yours obediently. Very amiable disposition, and that if they blow out, it is not, thank God, Belfast. W.

PROVINCIAL.

PRESTON.—On Wednesday evening last, a few of the amateurs of Preston and a slight sprinkling of the public were agreeably surprised by the performance of M. Jullien Adams's orchestral corps at our Theatre. Not wishing to draw invidious comparisons between the artists of this orchestra and that of M. Jullien, we will merely observe that those who are able to appreciate the excellence of one, must have received high gratification from the other. The overtures and lighter pieces were executed with great spirit and precision, while the several instrumental solos not only afforded an agreeable variety to the entertainment, but developed great talent in the parties by whom they were executed. Jullien Adams performs not only on the piano-forte with dexterity and spirit, but his solo on the Concertina, (an instrument new, we believe, to a Preston audience) and his execution on the flageolet, evince the versatility of his talent. Mr. Winterbottom's solo on the bassoon was received with applause richly deserved. He not only executes his passages with correctness, but his tone and expression are good. Mr. Allwood's violin solo, an andante of De Beriot's, was warmly received. Though not calculated for much mechanical display, it exhibited refinement of style, and great delicacy of feeling. The rest of the solos were well received. On Mademoiselle Freidel's singing we would rather decline giving an opinion, it not being up to the mark which we consider necessary to call for a criticism of any kind. At the second concert, last evening, the attendance was more numerous, but still a long way short of what the merits of the artistes deserved. From the manner in which this concert passed off, we doubt not that if M. Jullien Adams pays us another visit he will receive a more tangible proof of the approbation of the people of Preston than he has done on the present occasion.—Preston Guardian.

LIVERPOOL.—On Friday night, Sir H. Bishop delivered the third of his course of lectures on music at the Collegiate Institution. The secular music of Germany was the theme, comprising the productions of Hummel, Mendelssohn, Marschner, Schubert, and others. He dwelt more particularly upon the compositions of Mendelssohn, of whose biography he gave a concise, yet pointed and interesting sketch, noticing the early age at which this great composer evinced signs of future greatness; the facility with which when only eight years old, he could play at sight the most difficult passages of his predecessors, Hummel, Beethoven, Mozart, and others; his wonderfully retentive musical memory, as an instance of which he mentioned that he knew the whole score of Beethoven's opera of "Fidelio," in which he could accompany from memory alone; his first appearance in Berlin, when only nine years old; his numerous operettas performed in private, and the production of his first opera (from one of the episodes of Don Quixote), in 1827. In treating of Marschner, Lindpainter, and others, the lecturer regretted that inferior French and Italian productions should have so far superseded the more sterling compositions of the German school, which in some degree was accounted for by the Italian love of novelty, and the support which the government afforded some of the theatres there, granting £9,000 annually to that of La Scala. Sir Henry mentioned the fact that about 1830 there were 71 theatres in Italy, and that in 1832 there were produced 20 new operas, scarcely any of which survived the second summer, and that Donizetti alone wrote 60 operas. He thought the slight encouragement which was afforded the great German masters might be adduced as a reason why their fatherland has not produced a greater number of composers of high celebrity. The learned lecturer was rapturously applauded throughout his discourse. The illustrations were charmingly given, and in many cases evoked a hearty encore. The fourth lecture, on Tuesday (on the secular music of Italy), embodied the compositions of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Bellini. Many of the illustrations were splendidly sung, particularly the song from "Otello," *Assisa a piè d'un salice*, by Miss Parsons; the celebrated *Di tanti palpiti*, by Miss Thornton, who was unanimously encored; the duet, "Call her my bride," one of Rossini's finest compositions, by Mr. Garstin and Signor Sapio; the aria, *Sorgete a in si bel giorno*, by Signor Sapio; the romanza from "Il Crociato," *Giovinetto cavalier*, by Miss Parsons; the duet from "Norma," by Miss Thornton and Miss Parsons; and the concluding quartetto from "I Puritani," *Son vergin rezoza*. Between the parts Mr. Rogers played the overture to "Guillaume Tell" on the organ, in a most masterly style, and was enthusiastically applauded. The concluding lecture of this very delightful course remains to be delivered on Tuesday evening, and promises to be peculiarly attractive. The illustrations will be taken exclusively from Sir Henry Bishop's own productions, and several additional vocalists, we

understand, have been engaged, in order that they may be given with proper effect.—*Liverpool Mail*.

DUBLIN.—The opera of the *Maid of Artois* was repeated on Saturday evening by desire, and under the patronage of his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Blakeney, and the officers of the garrison. The house was brilliantly attended, and every part well filled. Prince George and his aide-de-camps occupied the front row of the box next that in which the Commander of the Forces sat, and in the dress circle military uniforms appeared in great variety. The singing of Madame Anna Bishop, in the character of *Isoline*, was a triumph of art, most finished in execution, every passage being delivered with a clear and thrilling effect, and with a precision that conveyed the most involved passages as fluently as those that required little executive skill. The finale was given with peculiar grace, although at the close of so arduous a part as that she sustained her lower notes were not as resonant as at the commencement of the opera, and amid the plaudits of the house the second verse had to be repeated. At the fall of the curtain Madame Bishop was called to the foot-lights, and warmly received by the audience. In the farce of the *Double Bedded Room*, Mr. Baker displayed his usual humour and quaintness.—*Saunders' News Letter*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Concert given by this society on Monday evening, was of more than usual interest, and his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the Ladies Ponsonby, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Mountcharles, the Marquis of Headfort, the Earl and Countess of Beective, and the Ladies Taylor, Lord Rosmore, Mrs. and the Misses Whately, the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, the Dean of the Chapel Royal, and many of the leading personages in Dublin, were among the company present at this musical reunion. Indeed the spacious room of the "Antients" was not large enough to accommodate all who had tickets. In addition to resident artists, Madame Dulcken, the pianist, the Misses Williams, and Herr Frisch were engaged, and the performance, taken as a whole, proved such as to reflect just credit on those concerned in them. The concert opened with Beethoven's *sinfonia* in C minor, often given before, but never with greater effect. The *maestoso* movement, with its bold and massive combinations of sound, the band played with energy and fire, and the entire of the symphony was ably executed. The concerto of Mendelssohn, much spoken of in critical circles as being marked with all the distinctive merits of that gifted composer, did not disappoint expectation. The whole, bristled with difficulties and rapid alternations, Madame Dulcken, executed with a brilliancy that elicited loud plaudits. She was equally effective in a fantasia, where the theme was less difficult but more showy. Herr Frisch's fantasia on the flute was very deserving of notice for its fluency of execution and peculiar finish, and his double-tonguing, rapid and distinct, tested, only to prove his skill; his tone is, however, not very round or full. The Misses Williams sang with great taste and purity, and their voices have very much improved since last we had the pleasure of hearing them. Their duet from *Semiramide*, "Serbami ognor," and Mendelssohn's "Greeting," were rendered with a character and grace both of style and execution. The quartet, by Miss Williams and Messrs. F. Robinson, R. Smith, and Mr. S—, a distinguished amateur, "Chi mi frena," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, was one of the gems of the evening. The second part opened with Mozart's overture—"Zauberflöte," which was given with much precision and effect. In consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Joseph Robinson, who was to have sung a Terzetto of Meyerbeer's, a distinguished amateur kindly sung Handel's fine bass song "Si tra i cippi," in which he was rapturously encored, and instead sung the fine German song "Land of my Deires." In both, the melodious notes of his admirable bass voice were heard with great advantage. The concert, which proved one of the most successful of the season, and terminated at eleven o'clock, was conducted by Mr. Henry Russell with his usual ability. Principal violin, Mr. James Barton.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

GLASGOW.—On Monday evening, Mr. Thomson, Leader of the Music in the Cathedral, gave an "illustrated" concert in the Assembly Rooms, which was numerously and fashionably attended. Mr. Thomson's illustrations, consisting of introductions to the various songs and pieces of music, were neat and graphic, often piquant; and, assisted by Miss M'Beth and Mr. Bayne, and the excellent vocal band of the Cathedral, in addition to his own exertions, every part of the performance gave the most unmingled satisfaction to the audience, and great credit to the performers, who were repeatedly encored. The Anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord," from the 33d Psalm, by Mr. John Campbell, merchant tailor of this city, was rapturously applauded and encored.—*Glasgow Constitutional*.

GLASGOW.—Last night, Mr. Wilson gave one of his justly celebrated entertainments, to an highly respectable auditory, in the Assembly Rooms, which was crowded to the door. The selection of songs for the occasion was most judicious, and all of them delightfully sung, especially "O Tibby I ha'e seen the Day," and "The Carle he cam over the Craef," which, amongst others, was rapturously encored. Mr. W

gives just one other entertainment previous to leaving Glasgow for Paris.—*Glasgow Constitutional*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THEATRE, SHEFFIELD.—The local papers speak in high terms of the production of *The Tempest* of Mr. Charles Dillon. Miss Grant's Ariel is described as one of the most admirable performances, both for singing and acting, which the Sheffield folks have for a long time witnessed in the theatre. *The Tempest* is being played every evening, and will, it is thought, have a long and successful run.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL has been giving his entertainment, during the week, with the utmost success, at the Strand Theatre.

DEJAZET THE ACTRESS.—The day before yesterday, in the *Passage Saulniers*, a poor little Savoyard was sitting on the corner of a step, trembling with cold and crying with hunger. Numbers of well-dressed and well-fed gentlemen passed by, chatting about the *Chemin du Nord* and *Robert Bruce*. A woman of a pretty shape, a quick step, and a penetrating eye, passed among them, humming a song of Beranger. At sight of the child the song and the woman stopped. "My poor child, you are very cold." "Yes, ma'am, and very hungry too. I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning." "Poor little fellow, wait a moment. But, no! you have not time to wait. Here, take that. Go to the bakers and get some bread. Go after to the *Traiteurs*, and you can warm yourself while you buy some hot potatoes. Come and let me see you to-morrow. Here is my address." When the good lady had gone, a gentleman who had witnessed the scene, approached the poor Savoyard, who was wiping the tears from his eyes with the back of his frost-bitten hands. He gave a piece of money to the child, and asked her the name of the charitable lady who had gone away, after her kind action. The child gave him a card which his benefactor had given him, and the gentleman read on its glossy surface the name—"Virginie Dejazet".

MELODIST'S CLUB.—This friendly and harmonious Society had a brilliant meeting on Tuesday, at the Freemason's Tavern. Several glees and songs were sung in the course of the evening by a host of vocalists, and solos on the harp, piano-forte, and flute, were excellently performed by Messrs. J. B. Chatterton, W. H. Holmes, and R. Carte, and loudly applauded by the company, amounting to fifty amateurs and professors. William Dixon, Esq., having offered a prize of ten guineas for a *cheerful song*, to be sung and accompanied by Mr. J. L. Hatton, two candidates only entered the list, whose compositions were admirably sung and accompanied by Mr. Hatton, and the prize was awarded to the veteran Blewitt, who has gained several prizes on former occasions. The secretary announced that Sir A. Barnard would give a prize of ten guineas for a *Druidical ode* (and chorus), to be sung by Mr. Machin, at the meeting in April, when H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge will honour the club with his presence. By way of encouragement to the musical members of the club, premiums of five guineas each will be given to the composers of the second and third best odes.

MR. JOHN PARRY has sung, during the last fortnight, with his wonted success, at Manchester, Liverpool, Halifax, Warrington, Preston, &c., and he is engaged, with the clever Misses Williams and Mr. Calkin, to sing at two concerts at Cheltenham, on Monday and Tuesday next.

FRENCH PLAYS.—The Queen and Prince Albert attended on Thursday week, when Lemaitre appeared in *Les Mysteres de Paris*, a trashy melodrama. The great actor took his leave, with Mdle. Clarisse, in *Le Docteur Noir* the next night.

M. W. STÖPEL, the distinguished professor of the piano-forte in Paris and Germany, and author of a very elegant system of tuition, has commenced a series of instruction in classes for that instrument, at his residence, 57, Frith-street, Soho.

MADLE. ROSALIE THEMAR, a Belgian pianiste of considerable talent, has announced a concert to take place in the ensuing month. The artistes already engaged are Mr. Benedict (piano), M. F. Steveniers (violin), of whom we gave a memoir in a late number, Piatti (violinist), F. Lablache, Madame F. Lablache, and John Parry.

M. JULLIEN.—The enterprising *chef* has announced a grand concert at the Theatre Royal, Worcester, to be given on Tuesday next. An efficient band accompanies M. Jullien, and the services of Miss Birch are retained, to give a vocal diversity to the entertainments.

SIGNOR PIATTI, the celebrated violoncellist, during his absence from London, has been prosecuting a continental tour, and giving concerts at all the principal towns which he visited. Signor Piatti gave a concert at Bologna, another at Parma, two at Pergamo, and two at Milan, at all of which places he met with the most flattering success.

GERMAN HOSPITAL.—At a fancy fair, purposed to be holden in the Hanover Square Rooms in May, for this deserving charity, there will be an exposition of German vocal and instrumental compositions, the gift of some of the most celebrated German musicians to the hospital. Manuscripts have already been received from Spohr, Hauptmann, Ferdinand Hiller, Adolph Gollmick, Oberthür, Leopoldine Blabetka (the only lady pupil of Beethoven), Dr. Schumann, and Speyer. Messrs. Wessel and Co., of Regent-street, are entrusted by the committee with the engraving and publication of these compositions.

SIR HENRY BISHOP has given a series of lectures on music with great success at Leeds and Liverpool, assisted by Mrs. Sunderland and Miss Thornton. Sir Henry will complete his series of lectures in Crosby Hall, on the 4th and 11th of March, and commence a new series at the London Institution on the 25th. A concert is to take place shortly at Leeds, to consist entirely of the works of Bishop, and the like compliment is to be paid to our talented countryman by the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool.

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.—A letter from Berlin announces, that on the previous evening, Madame Viardot Garcia had appeared on the stage of the Grand Opera, for the first time, in a German version of *La Juive*. Halevy's favourite work. Every piece sung by this celebrated *artiste* met with the greatest applause, and the audience, with showing their approbation during the progress of the opera, called her before the curtain at the end of every act. At midnight, the members of the orchestra executed a serenade under the windows of the lady's apartment.—*Morning Post*. [Can the rival Italian Operas read the frequent accounts of this great artist's success, and make no effort to engage her? Why all this work of one of "both our houses," to obtain an artist in no way her superior—to wit—Jenny Lind.—Ed. M. W.]

THE BALLET BEHIND THE SCENES.—Before the three days of 1830, few strangers were admitted into the *coulisses* of the Opera, and even now the number is limited to a certain number of *habitués*, including the *corps diplomatique*, who are entitled by special privilege to an *entrée*, and some influential *journalistes*. Their favorite place of rendezvous is the *foyer de la danse*, a large room adjoining the ancient Hôtel Choiseul, badly lit, and furnished with a semi-circular bench for the accommodation of the *danseuses*: the floor is

sloping, and at a certain distance, iron rods are fixed in the wall, upon which the fair votaries of Terpsichore rest one foot while standing on the other, in order to render their limbs pliant and supple. This they call *se derouiller*. A marble bust of La Guimard, on a pedestal of painted wood, is the chief ornament in the room. About an hour before the commencement of the ballet, the preparatory exercises in the *foyer* begin, and in another half hour, most of the leading *danseuses* are assembled there, employing the short time that remains previous to the rising of the curtain in practising their *steps* and *entrechats*. Fanny Elssler and her sister seldom used to enter the *foyer*, having had constructed in their apartment, in the Rue Lafitte, a miniature *theatre de danse*, with sloping floor and other accessories, where they could study with equal facility and be secure from all interruption. The fatigue and torture undergone by young *danseuses*, even at the early ages of seven and eight, are extremely severe: their little feet are first placed in a box with grooves, heel against heel, with the knees turned outwards. This is called *se tourner*. Then comes *se casser*, which consists in placing the right foot on a bar which is held with the left hand, and *vice versa*. These and manifold other different ways must be persevered in with the most regular assiduity, one week's repose being sufficient to entail on the unfortunate beginner at least two months' double labour. "Another place of *réunion* is the *foyer des rôles*, in which the artists await their summons to the stage: this apartment is seldom or never entered by the leading performers, who prefer remaining in their private dressing-rooms or *loges*, which are furnished luxuriously or simply, according to the taste or means of the occupant. The *loge* of the *danseuse* (when she has one to herself) is generally decorated in a tasteful manner; the walls are often hung with muslin, and the sofa and arm-chairs covered with richly embroidered silk. This is the *loge* of a *premier sujet*: those allotted to the *rats* are very different. One of them has been described as being "a room of moderate dimensions, whose plastered walls are ornamented with caricatures of the principal female dancers, picturesquely drawn with a lump of coal. The furniture consists of one or two common deal tables and some straw chairs, and the occupants of this luxurious retreat are no less than ten in number. To these must be added two female dressers, and one *coiffeur*, whose office, it may be easily imagined, is no sinecure."

SCOTCH, WELSH, AND IRISH MUSIC.—Probably no music has altered so little in its character as that of the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish. They are all sprung from one common origin, and there is a strong family likeness pervading their music. The Celts seem to have been deeply imbued with the spirit of song. And whether Edward the First, when he conquered Wales, did really put all the bards to death, or whether, as Sharon Turner more charitably interprets the story, he forbade them to exercise their musical profession, which they looked upon as little better than death—the testimony is equally strong to the influence which they exercised over the people. The Celtic music is sometimes wild and warlike in its character; sometimes exceedingly plaintive and melancholy. It is well described by Scott in "Marmion." Some of the Scotch ballads have been attributed to the famous or rather infamous David Rizzio; but we believe there is no sort of historical evidence to show it. Certainly the probabilities of the case are greatly against the supposition. There seems to be no doubt, however, that some of them were composed by James the First, in the early part of the fifteenth century: but which these are, and how far they differ in character from those of Celtic origin, we cannot say.

We learn, too, from Bishop Percy, that the beautiful air of "John Anderson, my Jo," "Maggy Lauder," and others, were originally the music of Latin hymns sung in the church, but which, at the Reformation, were adapted to ridiculous and even obscene words; and sung by the rabble in derision of the church of Rome. The modern words of "John Anderson" are by Burns.—*Rev. W. Pearson, on Music.*

THE ORIGINAL DOMINIE SAMPSON.—Mr. L., late chaplain to the archbishop, dined there, and, in a conversation which ensued, mentioned his having, in a late tour, fallen in with the original Dominie Sampson. This gentleman was a Mr. Thompson, the son of the placid minister of Melrose, and himself in orders, though without a manse. He had lived for many years a chaplain in Sir Walter Scott's family, and was tutor to his children, who used to take advantage of his absence of mind, to open the window while he was lecturing, get quietly out of it, and go to play, a circumstance he would rarely perceive. Sir Walter had many opportunities of procuring him a benefice, but never dared to avail himself of them, satisfied that his absence of mind would only bring him into scrapes, if placed in a responsible situation.—*Memoir of the Rev. Mr. Barham, (Thomas Ingoldsby.)*

HOLIDAY IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The Italian Opera House is open; the ballets have begun, and critics are now permitted to have any sport with the English language, talking at their own sweet will of the poetry of motion—the valse in the abstract—with the æsthetic tendency of the polka, and the esoteric and exoteric influence of *entrechats*.—*Punch.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

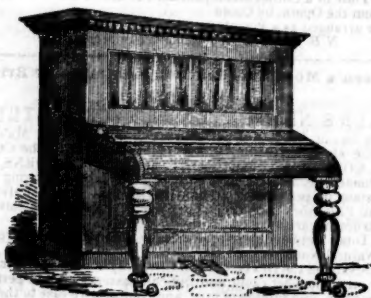
W. S. D.'s letter and accompaniment have been received with thanks. We shall take the liberty of publishing the letter next week.

P. M.—We have already published our Correspondent's letter, and the answer of Mr. H. Phillips. We cannot find room for anonymous communications to any farther extent. If P. M. signs his name we have no objection to print his second letter.

AN IRISH SUBSCRIBER is informed, that we should be most happy to receive from him any such news as he says he should like to see in the Musical World. He will, however, find on all occasions notices from our own Dublin Correspondent on musical matters of interest connected with the Irish metropolis. All Subscribers are entitled to the monthly morceau of music given gratis, whether they reside in London or in Nova Zembla. We should feel most happy to reckon "an Irish Subscriber" among our Irish correspondents.

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Oh, why left I my hame
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The Ballet,

Of a brilliant and costly character, will close the performance of the evening, and no diversissement will be suffered between the acts of opera.

The director has the pleasure to announce that he has concluded an engagement with

MME. FANNY ESSLER;

And, during the season, the following eminent dancers will appear—FRANCOIS DANSEURS—

Mlle. DUMILATRE

(of the Grand Opera, Paris.)

Mlle. BERTIN

(of the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, her first appearance in this country.)

Mlle. MARLETTA BADERNA

(of the Theatre La Scala, Milan.)

Mons. PETIPA (of the Grand Opera, Paris),

Mlle. PLUNKETT

(of the Grand Opera, Paris),

Mlle. NEODOT

(of the Theatre Royal, Madrid),

Mlle. PUCCO

(of the Academie Royale de Paris)

Mons. GONTIE (of the Theatre Royal, Madrid),

AND

Mons. AUGUSTE MABILLE (of the Grand Opera, Paris)

Mons. DELFERIER (of the Grand Opera, Paris),

Mlle. AURIOL

Mlle. DEMELISSE

Mlle. CELESTE STEPHAN

Mlle. DELECHAUX

Mlle. LEVALLOIS

Mlle. DUVAL

Mlle. RITA PEREDA

Mlle. ARNAL

Mlle. ANNA MONROY

Mlle. GENGE

Mlle. HARTLEY

Mlle. BARNETT

Miss KENDALL

Miss ROSE COHEN

Miss LAURA MAURICE

Miss CHESTER

Miss MARSTEN

Miss L. PARIS

Miss C. PARIS

Miss MASKELL

Miss LEE

Miss KIRBY

Miss E. CHAIR

Miss BROWN

Miss E. WRIGHT

Miss CLIFFORD

Miss WARD

With a numerous body of Coryphæes and Figurantes.

MAITRES DE BALLET—Mons. ALBERT (of the Grand Opera, Paris), and Mons. BLASIS (of the Theatre La Scala, Milan).

LEADER OF THE BALLET—MR. ALFRED MELLON.

REGISSEUR DE LA DANSE—MR. O'BRYAN

COMPOSER—SIGNOR ALESSANDRO CURMI (of the San Carlo Theatre, Naples).

THE THEATRE.

To render the interior at once commodious, elegant, and comfortable, it has been entirely re-constructed and decorated under the immediate direction and after designs of B. ALBANO, Esq., C.E., with every attention paid to its proper ventilation. The decorations have been executed by Mr. POWSON. The management has happily secured the artistic skill of Signori FERRI and VERARDI (of the Theatre Italien, in Paris), to embellish the ceiling and to prepare a new drop scene. The approaches to the theatre will be found improved by a carriage way being formed immediately under the portico in Bow-street, whereby parties can leave or enter their carriages without exposure to the weather, and by increased facilities for ingress and egress. The Refreshment Room will be under the superintendence of Mr. J. G. WATSON. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes, for the night or season, to be obtained at the Box-office, Bow-street; and at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; also at Messrs. Andrews', Chappell's, Elmer's, Hookham's, Lamer's, Mitchell's, and Olivier's, Regent-street; and at Mr. Sams's, St. James's-street.

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